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# ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY,

OF

JEFFERSON COLLEGE,

AT ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY,

NOVEMBER 14th, 1847.

BY Rev. W. A. PASSAVANT, and JACOB WINTERS, Esq.

WASHINGTON, PA:

Printed by John Bausman, Reporter Office.

1848.



*Jefferson*

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# CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANKLIN HALL, Nov. 17TH, 1847.

REV. W. A. PASSAVANT—

*Dear Sir:*—The members of the Franklin Literary Society, tender you, through us, their Committee, their unanimous and sincere thanks, for the eloquent and appropriate Address, to which we have just listened with no ordinary pleasure, and respectfully solicit a copy of the same.

Yours, &c., with much respect,

J. TEMPLETON M'CARTY,  
S. ANDERSON QUAY,  
G. IVESTER YOUNG,

*Committee.*

PITTSBURGH, DEC. 1ST, 1847.

*Gentlemen:*—I have the honor to acknowledge your polite note of the 17th ult., requesting a copy of my Address. As it was prepared under the pressure of many official duties, and is scarcely legible, I will be happy, as soon as possible, to place a copy of it at your disposal.

In justice to myself, I should remark, that owing to not having access to the early minutes, I was under the necessity of relying for information on a manuscript history of the Franklin Society, drawn up in 1840, by a Committee of which R. PATTERSON, Esq., was the Chairman. Though a member of that Committee, the whole merit of that able document belongs to this finished scholar and classical writer. Deriving the materials of this Address from such a source, I am not sure that I am wholly free from the charge of "stealing meat with the bones," and hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to this esteemed friend, for much that it contains.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

W. A. PASSAVANT.

J. TEMPLETON M'CARTY,  
S. ANDERSON QUAY,  
G. IVESTER YOUNG, } Committee.

*In Exchange*

Peabody Inst. of Balto.

June 14 1927

## ADDRESS.

The first rays of the morning sun, which rose in unclouded majesty above the Western spurs of the Alleghenies, revealed the figure of two horsemen, slowly ascending the opposite mountain. It was the *last* one of that rocky barrier, which separated the East from her infant settlements in the West!

The elder of these, who rode before, was one of that fearless class, termed "Backwoodsmen," who fixed their abode on the frontiers of civilization, and contested with the savage the right to the soil and the privilege to live. He was dressed in a hunting-shirt, of coarse fabric, with leggins of the same material, and carried across his horse a rifle—his constant and inseparable companion. It was observable, that a shade of sadness, at times, passed over his manly face, as if the recollection of some painful scene was again renewed in his mind. At such times, he instinctively raised his rifle, as if to fire, but suddenly lowering it again, and brushing away a tear, would thoughtfully continue his journey.

The appearance of the younger traveller, strongly contrasted with that of his companion. He was of a tall and muscular figure; his nose large at the base, terminated in a straight and uncurved point; and the freshness of his color indicated perfect health. The penetrating look of his dark grey eye and his expansive forehead, revealed a powerful intellect, while the development of his chest and shoulders, denoted a vigorous physical organization. The expression of his features bordered on severity, but there was an air of unaffected benevolence on his countenance, which left one in no doubt of the sincerity of his character. He wore a coat of black cloth, made according to the peculiar fashion of the last century, with hose and small-clothes of the same color. A white handkerchief, plainly tied around

his neck, and an indefinable something in his manners—gave him the air and appearance of a Clergyman.

It will not be difficult to recognize, in the individual just described, the Apostle of Presbyterianism in the West; and in his companion and guide, an Elder of the same persuasion, celebrated alike for his important services in the Indian wars, and in the establishment of this College.

The two horsemen have turned the last swell, and reached the summit of the mountain. The fragrance of the laurel filled the air with a delicious perfume, and its countless flowers occupied the attention of the younger traveler. Suddenly the bridle-path emerged into an open space, and a vision of wondrous beauty burst upon the eye! As the blue Pacific, with its waters of stillness fading into the distant clouds, overpowered the spirit of the Spanish discoverer, from his mount of vision, so, the sublime spectacle of the mighty West—spread out beneath his eye—filled the soul of the apostolic M'MILLEN with great and sublime emotions! Those profound solitudes, those primitive and unbroken forests, stretching out in broad and boundless magnificence, far as the eye could reach, were the appointed sphere of his future labors. They were the silent retreats of liberty. They would be the home of freemen. Hamlets, villages and cities would spring up, as by the wand of the enchanter. Millions of human beings would people them. States and independent sovereignties would cover them. They would be the theatre of the sublimest spectacle the world ever witnessed—the final and splendid triumph of free principles!

The Empire of the West rose in prophetic glory before his eye, and e'er the vision vanished, his purpose was taken. His plan was matured. He will multiply himself, and act upon it through others. He will stamp upon its character the impress of truth. He will cover it with the temples of Religion. He will adorn it with the institutions of Learning. He will bless it with the Christianity of the Gospel. He will wreath the altar with the green olive branch of Literature!

Years had passed away since that memorable morning. Here and there, throughout the West, the woodman's axe was felling the gigantic trees. Here and there, the smoke from the clearing of some settler, peacefully curled above the surrounding forest, and the log cabin, with its fields of standing grain, gave evidence of progressive civilization. The streams, over whose waters the Indian's canoe had danced alone for centuries, now

bore along, at intervals, the rudely constructed bark of some family of emigrants, and their banks echoed with the shrill reports of the hunter's rifle. In this wilderness of nature, Science had already impressed her foot-prints. She had no Temple, whose spire pierced the sky, which hung like a dome over this broad valley—but a lowly School House, crowning the summit of a verdant mound, near the dwelling of M'MILLEN, was her first and chosen shrine. Of this humble building, it has been said, with equal beauty and truth;—Heroic hexameters were here sung almost in hearing of the war-whoop of the savage; and while civilization was trembling for its existence, the devoted Student would soothe his fears with

“Tityre tu patulæ recubans, sub tegmine fagi.”

Honored spot, consecrated to Religion and Literature! Who would not make a pilgrimage to thy sacred soil!

In 1790, the Latin School was removed from the log School House, near Dr. M'Millen's dwelling, to a substantial edifice of stone, in this village, and opened its first Session as the “CANONSBURG ACADEMY.” The erection of this Academy was an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude, at that early day. It was as novel as it was difficult. No similar institution existed West of the Alleghenies. The country was new and sparsely settled, and the attention of the inhabitants occupied with the first wants of nature. But, no exertions were spared to bring it to completion. The Churches nobly seconded the appeals of their Pastors, and contributions flowed into the treasury from all parts of the settlement. It is recorded, that the enthusiasm created by the erection of this Academy, and the eloquent appeals of its ruling spirit, extended even to the female portion of the community, who unceasingly plied the distaff, and forwarded contributions of *yarn*. This was exchanged by the Trustees for *salt*—a precious commodity, in those days, and brought by the traders on pack-horses over the mountains. It has been obscurely hinted, that, although founded by the piety and prayers of its first patrons, this Institution was reared with that devotion to the *bottle*, which so eminently distinguished the original settlers of the Monongahela country! But, without giving place for a moment to this wicked insinuation, it is certain, that some of the largest contributions to the erection of the Academy, were in Whiskey. Indeed this was almost the only “circulating medium,” in Western Pennsylvania, at that day, and never did currency meet with a freer circulation!

We now leave the history of the Academy and College, to which it gave birth, and enter upon that of the Society, whose Semi-Centennial Anniversary we have met to celebrate.

It is interesting to observe at how early a period the principle of Association developed itself in our Alma Mater. Shortly after the opening of the Latin School, a "Debating Society" was formed by the Students, for their mutual improvement.—The records of this Society are unfortunately lost, and we are only able to state the fact of its existence. Owing, probably, to the increasing number of Students, shortly after the erection of the Academy, two new Literary Societies were formed—the FRANKLIN and PHILO—the same in name, object, and character, now, as when first organized. Side by side, and hand in hand, these Associations have lived and labored and flourished, through all seasons of embarrassment, and times of prosperity. Each has maintained its own peculiar life, and though the individuals who compose them, meet so often, the Societies never mingle. Both have their appropriate work to accomplish, and nobly have they fulfilled their destiny. For half a century they have contributed largely in moulding the character of thousands of the young men who visit this seat of Learning. They yet flourish, an honor and ornament to the College that gave them birth, like two fair sisters, clinging to the parent form, from whose breast they draw the stream of life; and contrasting the sternness of the matron with the winning loveliness of youth!

The origin of the FRANKLIN SOCIETY, may be recorded in a few words. The *place*—the Canonsburg Academy; the *time*—November 14th, 1797; the *hour*—seven o'clock in the evening—Sunday evening last, fifty years ago; the *founders*—nine Students—JAMES CARNAHAN, CEPHAS DOD, JAMES GALBREATH, THOMAS HUGHES, DAVID IMBRIE, JACOB LINDLY, STEPHEN LINDLY, WILLIAM WOOD, and WILLIAM WICK. Of this first meeting, it has been truly remarked—"Many a larger assembly has had a less lasting influence!"

The early laws and regulations of the Society, are unfortunately lost. Some Solon, zealous in the collection of institutes, has, probably, abstracted them from the minute-book. The original constitution, however, did not materially differ from the present one, and the objects which convened the first assembly—"Scientia, Amicitia et Virtus," have weekly assembled its members for half a century.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the first resolution ever pass-

ed by the Society, was, that "the members be required to keep its business a profound secret." So fearful were they of any violation of this, that members were not permitted to read an essay in the Academy, which had already been read in Society. Subsequently, when leakages were discovered, in certain quarters, married Students were not eligible to membership. The principle of secrecy, then laid down, has ever since been sacredly recognized; and though its application has been occasionally carried to an excessive degree of strictness, the wisdom of this regulation must be apparent to all.

Of the nine members who founded the Society, *five* were officers—a Chairman, Clerk, Inspector, and two Correctors.—The duties of the Inspector answered to those of Vice President, but it was made his duty "in *particular* to watch over the morals of the members and their diligence and attention to the business of the Academy." Judging by the number of citations on the minutes, this duty was faithfully performed. It was one of the duties of the Correctors, "to see that the minutes were well written, and to give out the words for members *to spell*." The Society was divided into three classes, and these performances are thus recorded on the minutes—"one class offered compositions and translations; another spoke select speeches, and a third read and spelled." Every one was required to read his essay carefully over before attempting it in Society, and if found to have neglected this, he was fined. Members from the lower classes of the Academy, were allowed to present translations from some Latin author, in lieu of a composition of their own. Those who debated were not exempt from the performances of their class—a fact which indicates the low estimate in which this exercise was then held. This order continued until 1810, when important changes were made in the constitution and by-laws. In 1817, the constitution was again revised and amended, and from that period, the minutes wear a more modern dress. The subjects of the essays are no longer transcribed—the Chairman becomes a President, the Inspector, a Vice President, the Clerk, a Secretary, and the Correctors were dignified as Reviewers. At that time, too, a distinction was first made between the merits of an argument and those of the question. Debate was made the exclusive performance of one class, so that as many as eight members would participate in the discussion.—After this year, the exercise of spelling is no longer mentioned, and the "spelling class" was remembered only with a smile at the simplicity of early times.

And here we pause and direct your attention to the character of these exercises. Would that the power were given us, to wake again the long silent echoes of former days. But the breathing energy, the living voice is gone, and its earnest tones have passed away with those who gave them utterance. The glow of impassioned eloquence hath left no traces of its power, and the flashes of genius and wit, like the drops of morning dew, cannot be gathered again. The grace, the sparkle and the form are gone! To them, as to us, who succeeded them in later years, the Society was a world in miniature. Its circle bounded the sphere in which they moved. It had its chiefs and subordinates—its parties and divisions—its objects of ambition and objects of jealousy—its ardent friendships, and bitter animosities—its noble strifes for intellectual mastery, and its topics of deep and all-absorbing interest. To them, as to us, who occupied their places, the observance of its laws and the performance of its duties, seemed as vitally important, as though the destiny of an Empire depended on the issue; and, like us, they entered into its exciting life with the whole ardor and enthusiasm of youth. We cannot pronounce on the merits of these early performances, or institute a comparison between them and those of the present day. The age and manners of the people were widely different from ours, and these often gave a character to the exercises of Society. But, while we, at times, involuntarily exclaim—*O sancta simplicitas!*—oftener can we discover, in the subject of an essay, or the wording of a question, the presence of a secret power, which, in after years, made itself felt in the councils of the nation or the Churches of God.

In perusing the annals of the Society, in the first years of its existence, we are struck with the tone and character of its decisions, on some of the great questions which now agitate the frame-work of American Society. To select one instance only, from many—As early as 1798, the question—"Would it be politic in the Southern States to abolish Negro Slavery?" was discussed and decided in the affirmative! A vigorous writer, of the last century, in speaking of the Universities of Europe, remarks, "Colleges have always been the cradles of liberal principles." The truth of the observation is strikingly confirmed in the history of this Institution. The atmosphere of freedom floated over and around it—inspiring its sons with a quenchless love of liberty, and impelled them to write upon the monstrous system of human slavery, "*delenda est!*" They fervently sym-

pathised with the manly utterance of Thomas Jefferson, on this subject, and in the hopefulness of truthful hearts, anticipated the hour

“When Heaven upon our ransomed race  
Her bounteous gifts shall shower;  
And every land and every sea  
Proclaims the blissful Jubilee—  
*All bonds are broke, all men are free!*”

On other moral subjects, some of their decisions are strangely at variance with the common verdict of society at the present day. Thus, the question, “Would it not be more advantageous to cease the distillation of rye and raise more wheat?” was unanimously decided in favor of “the Rye!” Some time after this decision, a similar question was discussed—“Is not the use of spirituous liquors more injurious than beneficial to a country?” This, also, was decided “in favor of spirituous liquors!” These decisions throw a strong light on the popular sentiment of that day, and may be accounted for without difficulty. The business of distilling, was considered as respectable, in that day, as making flour, and the use of whiskey was as universal as coffee or tea, at the present time. No one was “Sessioned,” whether Minister, Elder, or Member, for taking as much as could be comfortably carried about their persons—though drunkenness was universally discountenanced and denounced!

A rich vein of humor often ran through the early performances of the Society. A wider latitude, in this respect, was given to the members, than at present; and if we may judge from the subjects of debate and composition recorded on the minutes, they made good use of their liberty. Thus, for instance, one member read a dialogue between “A Student and a Tailor”—while another presented a dialogue between “A Spider and a Fly.” A youth who had, doubtless, tasted sweeter dews than those of Castalia, edified Society with an eloquent essay on “Kissing.” *Brunot* graphically described “the pleasure of having a clean pocket handkerchief.” *White* convulsed the Society with laughter, by “a description of a Country Singing School.” Like the individual commended in the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, for his happy selection of a subject suited to his capacities—a stupid fellow read, as an essay, “a description of an Ass.” *Black* enlightened Society “on his own weakness,” while *Wills* feelingly described “the Itch!”

If we may judge from the same records, the days of Chivalry

were not yet over. There was a remnant of the old spirit which kindled into enthusiasm at woman's name, and fervently knelt at the shrine of her beauty, or broke a lance in defence of her charms. Thus the question—"Is female modesty, natural or artificial?" being debated at one of the first meetings of the Society, it was decided, by acclamation, to be natural. The question, "ought a man to whip his wife on any occasion?" was gallantly decided in the negative. The interesting question, "Is it proper, that ladies should be deprived of courting, of which they are deprived by custom in this country?" was discussed "with much warmth," as the faithful Secretary informs us, and this custom of our country was strongly condemned! It has been hinted, that if ladies would only take the invitation given by Franklins of tried and sterling worth, the rooms of Collegians would undergo an entire transformation. The gloomy old cloisters would smile and brighten, to enclose such angelic visitants. The chivalry of '96, in the very face of the constitution, politely decided, that "the fair sex of Canonsburg should be admitted into the Franklin Society," while her ungallant sons of 1847, show no mercy to the poor unfortunate, who has launched his bark on the sea of matrimony—and, for this one offence, debar him from membership!

The subjects of many of the essays, read in Society at this early day, strongly bring out the same sentiment. Thus, it is recorded, that *Mitchell* gave "a description of a beautiful damsel;" *M'Donald*, "an argument to prove that the female sex is the life of society;" *Jennings* wrote "on the romance of a lady;" *Bates* "on preserving a medium in visiting the fair sex;" *Roberts* "on female efficacy;" *Chaplain* "on the choice of a wife;" *Sturgeon* "on the felicity of the married state;" while *Clayton* brought the whole Society to the highest pitch of indignation, by "a love-letter," purporting to have been written by an injured and broken-hearted fair one! A solitary individual, *Caldwell*, had the fortitude to stem the popular current of opinion, and chose for the subject of his essay, "the horrid practice of dancing with the girls!"

We resume the thread of our history. In this age of gold-dust and dollars, when Mammon rules most imperiously over the thoughts, feelings, and conduct of men, it will not be uninteresting to state a few facts concerning the financial history of the Society. Of this, little can be said, so badly has the business been managed, and so disordered are the old accounts.—

Students have never received much credit for business habits, and are far more worthy of a diploma for their spending, than their saving propensities—as the good people of these parts are duly aware! Like the country apprentice, just opening a shop of his own, the Society, at first, “kept no books;” and, in the reports of the Inspectors, no mention is made of expenses.—Each member, in turn, furnished candles, brought water, and kept the door, at the meetings of Society. “Lifting a collection,” was the usual method resorted to, when funds were needed.—Six years after the organization of Society, the rule was adopted, requiring entrance monies. The first initiation fee was only twenty-five cents! From 1811 to 1823, it was one dollar; in the latter year it was raised to two dollars, and in 1832, a further addition of several dollars was made. What it now is, those who have paid it know already; while those who are curious, on this point, are invited to make the discovery as the speaker did.

It has been truly remarked, that the doctrine of *fining* has always been kept alive, with religious fervor, in the Franklin Society. Some of the early punishments, and the ludicrous manner in which they are recorded on the old minutes, will serve to illustrate the manners of the primitive Franklins. The following are selected, as specimens, from many. Sinclair and Wilson were fined, *one cent* each, for “laughing and talking without permission.” Henderson was fined five cents, for “a ridiculous composition,” and two cents additional, “for frequently changing his own seat without permission.” Moore was excused from performance “because he had no ink to write his composition.” Graham was punished with a fine, for “a continuation of cachinations.” Knott was fined six cents, for “offering a nocturnal sacrifice to Somnus;” and Wallace the same sum, for “holding the poker in his hand while debating.” Among the other delinquents, at a later day, the name of the Rev. Dr. SMITH occurs, whose book-worm propensities, even at that early period, led him into the temptation of keeping books out of the Library, beyond the constitutional time!

The jurisdiction of Society extended over the conduct of its members, not only while in session, but also during the intervals. The early minutes contain many curious records in proof of this fact. Members were tried for profanity, playing cards, and becoming intoxicated—and, on conviction, were fined, suspended, or expelled, according to the aggravation of their offence.

One member was found guilty of "acting disorderly in the streets of Canonsburg," and fined accordingly. The no-punishment doctrine, so popular at the present day, with a certain class of self-styled Reformers, was utterly eschewed by the original Franklins. All deviations from *law*, both in and out of Society, were dealt with according to their just deserts. The Society soon became a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to those who did well. Its moral influence over the Students, was, in the highest degree, salutary, and often drew from the Faculty and Trustees of the College, a public acknowledgement of its worth.

An interesting page in the history of the Society, contains the account of its judicial proceedings. The strictness of the early regulations, savor rather strongly of the celebrated Blue-laws, and the zeal with which they were enforced, reminds one of the activity displayed by the good people of New England, in burning witches, and banishing Quakers, and other heretics, out of their coasts.

Three lists were kept of the members. One contained the names of the regular members; a second, the honorary, and the third, called "The Black List," the names of those who were under the censure of Society. The first case of suspension, occurred some months after the organization of the Society, and was for "long continued neglect of the duties of a member."—The next trial was that of M'Giffin, "for having left society in a disorderly manner." When his trial came on, "he acknowledged his fault, and, on account of his youth and inexperience, was restored, with no other punishment than reproof." Such instances of leniency were not rare. A few weeks after the above, another M'Giffin was cited, by the Inspector, to answer the charges of "disrespect to Society, gambling for money, and violating the Sabbath day." Each of these crimes he confessed, but, on appearing sorrowful, was continued a member, as usual. In spite of sorrow and forgiveness, however, these M'-Giffins again wandered from Franklin rectitude. One was punished with expulsion from Society, "for absenting himself"—and the other "for profanity," was deprived of "acting the Dialogue at the Contest!"

The next trial of consequence, was on the impeachment of James Lytle. The impeachment itself, is an amusing instance of legal precision. Several charges were made. 1st. That he, the said James, being a member of said Society, on the 16th of

February, A. D., 1803, *vi et armis*—did beat, and in other respect, evilly entreat Joseph Henderson, of said Society, without resistance being made, or actual assault given by said Joseph. 2d. Also, that the said James, notwithstanding he was honored with the office of Clerk of said Society, did, some subsequent time, to said 16th of February, wilfully drink spirituous liquors, by which he, the said James, was very much intoxicated, and being so intoxicated, did not conceal himself from public view, but did act in a very disorderly manner." The 3d charge was for betting for liquors—"to wit, whiskey and cider." The 4th charged him with "acting riotously at *Morrow's Tavern*, and bantering James Smith to fight, either in a lot or even in the streets of Canonsburg!" The 5th charge was for neglect of his duties as a Student and as a member of Society. On this multifarious impeachment, Lytle was tried and found guilty.—For the four first crimes, he was fined heavily—and for the fifth received an admonition before Society. He was, also, required to confess sorrow for his past conduct, and to promise reformation for the future.

The minutes, about this period, are crowded with such cases, and citation and impeachment appear to have been the order of the day! In 1808, the Chairman was impeached for not opening and closing Society with prayer. A member was admonished, before Society, for saying "*by Ned!*" Fulton, who reported Morgan to the proper authority, for profanity, was himself convicted of profanity, saying "*by George!*" This appears to have been a profane period in our history. Several were fined for swearing, while some were suspended, according to the aggravation of the crime. Two members were found guilty of "card-playing and dice-casting," for which they were suspended four weeks. Hunter was tried on the charge of "having himself shaved on the Sabbath day, in his room, at the house of Joshua Emery." Of this he was acquitted, but another member, convicted of the same offence, was suspended!

The darkest page in the history of the Society, occurs about this time. An unhappy spirit of dissention had found its way into the brotherhood, and the fine feelings of friendship were turned into the bitterest hatred. Accusations were signed by the members against each other, and few, if any of the officers escaped impeachment. A member, named Wills, who had previously been convicted of profanity and severely punished, was again cited to answer the charge of a similar offence. With this

accusation, opened the stormiest period in the history of the Society! Having been found guilty of the crime alleged, a punishment was annexed by the officers, not only unnecessarily severe, but in the highest degree arbitrary. The Society, however, sanctioned the decision of its officers, and refused to entertain a motion to reconsider the whole matter. Wills, refusing to submit to the punishment imposed, was expelled on the following evening, immediately after the opening of Society.—Smarting under this treatment, and evidently wishing to create a disturbance, he sought re-admission into the Society—but his request was refused. His perseverance, however, overcome all obstacles, and two weeks later, having again asked for admission, his request was granted. The question then arose, whether he should be re-admitted without taking the promise to obey the constitution, usually administered at the entrance of new members. Owing to the difference of opinion, on this point, among the members, a motion was made, that the Rev. Mr. Dunlap, then President of the College, should have a vote, in the settlement of this question. This proposal excited the indignation of a portion of the members to such a degree, that when the motion was put to vote, *it instantly occasioned the disruption of the Society!* The Secretary of that meeting, in recording these disgraceful proceedings, mentions that “the vote was carried;” but a “Nota Bene” is here inserted, by the President, in these words: “Here is a positive falsehood, for a vote was refused to Mr. Dunlap, in the case of Wills, and upon this refusal the supporters of order and morality withdrew.” “But when it was determined,” continues the Secretary, “that Mr. Wills should be admitted without taking the usual promise, the Society, after having spent the whole evening in warm debates, *dissolved*, sixteen declaring themselves to be no more members.” This occurred in December, 1803. To the minutes of this meeting, the name of the Secretary is not attached; but the Chairman give the reason why the above N. B. was added—“to give a true idea of matters to future readers!”

A week passed by, and the difficulty remained unsettled. The usual evening of meeting arrived, but no Society convened. In reality, it no longer existed, and members considered themselves free from all obligation to obey the constitution. At length, the Faculty of the College took the matter into consideration, and a reconciliation was effected between the two parties. A meeting was held, two weeks after its dismemberment, and through

their intervention, the Society was again re-organized. Of this meeting, however, two distinct and contradictory statements are contained in the minutes. One of these asserts, that it was the unanimous opinion of the Faculty, that the Society should not be dissolved, but should continue to meet, as usual—some amendments being made in its constitution. The other account states, that “the proceedings of the former Franklin Society, having been for some time disorderly and immoral, a number of the members deeming the end for which it was instituted, defeated, protested against the proceedings and withdrew.” After this, an entire cessation of business took place. The Faculty of the College took the state of the Society into consideration, and agreed that it should be dissolved, and a new one instituted by such of the old members as they should nominate. Some of these having been called together, agreed to obey the constitution, with various amendments, and to constitute a new Society, bearing the name of the former. None who were members of the old Society, were made acquainted with the business of the new, previous to their becoming members of it; and it was resolved, that the new members should not have access to the minutes of the old Society.” “It was also resolved, that the minutes also be written from that time, without any reference to the past.”\* With these distinct and contradictory accounts, to perplex and embarrass the mind of the Franklin historian, it becomes a matter of no small difficulty to date the origin of the Society. As, however, the new Association was composed of a majority of the old members, met for the same purpose, and governed by the same constitution, in the main, we shall not hesitate to trace back our origin, as we have always done, to November 14th, 1797. Few of the present members know any thing of this unfortunate dismemberment. So strong is the golden chain of friendship, which now binds all hearts together, none would have imagined, that it had been rudely broken!

During the first years of its existence, the Society was without a Library. The want of books does not seem to have been seriously felt, and no efforts were made to procure them. It is a singular historical fact, that the present Library originated in the want of a standard of appeal, by which the merits of the class in spelling might be tested. To remedy this, a proposal was made on the 10th of Sept., 1799, “that a collection be lifted for

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\*We are indebted for the above account to the MS. history of the F. L. Society, already referred to.

the purpose of purchasing such a Dictionary as may be thought necessary for the Society." This proposal, after lying on the minutes for one week, was duly considered and adopted the succeeding evening. Walker's Dictionary was selected as the standard, and for many years was used by the officers, as the final arbiter, "when the class came out to spell!" This was the first work purchased by the Society, and the first volume in the Library. Around this nucleus, the fine collection of books which now adorns the Hall of the Society, gradually clustered!

As early as 1813, the members imposed upon themselves the payment of a certain sum each session, towards the purchase of useful books and the increase of the Library. Since then, it has been almost exclusively from the contributions of the regular members. The present Library numbers nearly 3,000 volumes, and comprises many of the most valuable standard works in the English Language, in History, Poetry, Philosophy, Theology, and the Natural Sciences. The admirable order in which they are kept, and the fine appearance they present, never fail to call forth the commendation of strangers, who visit the College; while the literary treasures they contain, and the advantages they afford, can be appreciated only by those who enjoy them.

At first, the duties of the present Librarian, were attended to by the Secretary. The Library was opened every third week, on the evening of Society. This order continued as late as 1829, when it was resolved to open it one hour every Saturday afternoon. Owing to the increase of members, and the taste for reading among the Students, it is now opened several times a week.

For many years, the two Societies had their book case in common. In 1821, the share of the Franklin Society was transferred to the Philos, after much financiering on both sides, and the appointment of numerous committees to settle this important transaction. The Society then procured "a standing Library case, made of pine, and painted green, having the words *The Franklin Library* painted in a right line along the door." This elegant piece of furniture continued in use, until the erection of the new College, and as it could not be sold, was gratuitously presented to the Faculty!

The custom of appointing Library Committees every session, has existed ever since there was a Library. A report of such a Committee, in 1832, of which WASHINGTON M'CARTNY, Esq. was Chairman, still remains. This report is particularly interesting for the information it contains, concerning the Libra-

ry, and the facetious style in which it is written. The number of volumes in the Library, at that time, was 676; and no less than 300 are reported as having been lost. The Committee deprecate in the strongest terms the habit of lending books to the Ladies—to which custom they ungallantly attribute the loss of many of the volumes! This caveat did not, however, produce the desired reformation, and through the gallantry of the members, the Library opened its treasures, as before, to the fair readers of Canonsburg and vicinity.

As Contests between Literary Societies were formerly peculiar to Jefferson College, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire into the origin of this custom, which has been introduced into the principal Institutions of Learning in the South and West. From the Minutes of August, 1799, it appears, that a proposal was brought forward by W. NEILE,—“that a challenge be given to the Philo L. Society for four members to be chosen out of each Society, for the purpose of reading Compositions, speaking Select Orations, and Debating at the fall Examination, before the Trustees, and that they publicly give their opinion which Society has gained the victory.”

NEILE's proposition was received with enthusiasm by the chivalrous Franklins, and a challenge to a Literary Contest was forthwith sent to the Philo Society, who at once accepted it.—Such is the origin of Literary Contests in the United States!—The honor of their suggestion belongs to a member of this Society, and the honor of their introduction to the Society itself! It may well be asked, “What results may not be traced to that simple proposal on an obscure page of our Minutes?” Who that has breathed the inspiring atmosphere which this custom has infused into College life, but will acknowledge its commanding influence on the minds of the young men. Doubtless, it has blasted many ambitious hopes, and occasioned the bitterest disappointments. Its victories, too, have sometimes been more fatal to character than defeat. But these are not necessary evils, and, at most, are confined to few, while its advantages are enjoyed by all. They elevate the standard of Literary excellence—discover and develop latent talent—exercise the judgment—correct the taste, and furnish the mind with proper incentives to exertion. We hesitate not to make the assertion—and its truthfulness will be confirmed by those who are acquainted with the facts—that in the Contest performances of these Societies, there are specimens of as rare and classical beauty, as can be found

in the pages of the *Spectator*, the orations of Burke, or the debates of Pitt, Sheridan, and Fox!

The Contest had not, at first, precisely the same features as at present. One composer, one select orator, and two debaters were annually chosen. We are not informed how the debate was managed, whether the honor was conferred on an individual contestor for superiority, or on two of them for their Society—as would appear from the wording of the proposal. At the third Contest, a composer and orator were elected, and two members from each Society, “to act a dialogue;” while, at the next Contest, two were selected to speak, one to read a composition and one to take part in a dialogue. The following year, the order of exercises was again changed, and the dialogue gave place to debate. At the suggestion of the Trustees, the Societies, in 1814, made further alterations in the Contest. The debate was limited to two persons—one from each Society, who were allowed to occupy twenty-five minutes. This arrangement, excepting, perhaps, the limitation in the time of performance, continued until 1832, when the original oration was added to the other exercises. It would appear, that the honor of composition was, at first, considered the highest. This is probable, from the fact that one member having resigned on composition, another who had been elected debater, was chosen to fill his place, and a re-election held for the debate. The old Minutes contain the questions discussed at these Contests. Some of these would puzzle older and wiser heads than young shoulders usually carry.—Such, for instance, is the question debated at the Contest of 1809: “Is the soul created immediately at the time of its infusion into the body?”

The primitive manner in which the Contests were conducted, may be conjectured from various amusing details recorded on the Minutes. So late as 1817, a committee was appointed “to build the stage, hold the candles, snuff them, carry water, and do all the little drudgeries implied in the nature of their office!” Their successors—the honorable “Committee of Arrangements”—who now do the honors of Society to the Judges, and fare sumptuously with these dignitaries, at its expense, may congratulate themselves on this evidence of progress. Offices half a century ago, were no sinecures, and “the little drudgeries” of the above resolution, would now be considered too formidable an affair for any committee to undertake. It was then, however, an honor “to hold the candles, snuff them, and carry the water,”

which was conferred only on members of the more advanced classes !

The collection and transcription of the Contest performances is of comparatively recent origin, and it is to be regretted that many of these are irrecoverably lost. No decisions have been preserved farther back than the Contest of 1819. In the thirty-one years which elapsed between that time and 1840, (since which we have not the decisions,) our sister Society has gained four more Debates and even one more Select Speech than we ; while the Franklins have borne away the palm nine times more for Composition, and once more for Original Oration. We take it for granted, that there has been no falling off since then, and that the old Franklin is still *excelsior* !

The history of the Contest would be incomplete, unless reference were made to the Articles of Convention between the two Societies. In 1818, at the suggestion of the Franklin Society, the first Articles were formed. These were very incomplete, and had little resemblance to those in force at a later period.—The correspondence of the Societies previous to this, was marked by little of the high and honorable bearing which now characterises their mutual intercourse. They regarded each other not as friends, engaged in a generous rivalry, but as almost enemies, in conquering whom, it was lawful to employ any species and means of warfare. This unhappy jealousy often led to mutual recrimination, and, sometimes, even resulted in open ruptures between the Societies. It is amusing to read the series of terrific resolutions forwarded from one Society to the other—which, at the time, smoked with wrath, but now lie before us like spent thunderbolts ! Happy as has been the influence of these conventional Articles upon the Societies, it must be confessed, that there has not been always calm and sunshine. Difficulties connected with the Contest, and other subjects, have sometimes thrown their dark shadows over our sky. One of these, occurring in 1827, remained unsettled until 1830, when the Articles of Agreement were annulled by our sister Society. The annual Contest was held as usual, but, owing to this difficulty, no decisions were made. Other Articles were afterwards agreed upon, and these again, in the memory of some now present, became, in turn, “a bone of contention.” But kindness, and the spirit of mutual concession, finally removed every difficulty, and FRIENDSHIP has bound her golden chain more closely and firmly around these Brother bands !

We now come to a period in our history, when old things passed away, and all things become new ! The erection of the new College, and the dedication of the present Hall, was the advent of our Augustan age. We have seen the Society in its infancy and youth—we now behold it entering upon its manhood. The name and features remain the same, but how great the change which hath passed upon its spirit. It hath put away childish things. Its step is firm and steady, its voice, the voice of a man, and its deliberations, though warmed by the fervor of youth, are tempered by the wisdom of riper years !

Both the Literary Societies of this institution delight to refer back to this interesting period. Never was there a brighter era in our common history. The enthusiasm of the members was raised to the highest pitch. To furnish and adorn the new Hall, in a style worthy of the object to which it was devoted, was the great ambition of the members. Committee after committee was appointed, and resolutions upon resolutions were passed with reference to this matter. No expense was to be spared in its decoration. It was resolved that the floor be covered with the best imported carpets—that the room be furnished with settees and sociables—that the walls be painted a light blue, with an appropriate border—that the name of the Society be inscribed, in gilt letters, above the door—that the windows, together with the stage and rostrum, be hung with handsome drapery—and the Hall and Library Room be heated by suitable stoves. These, with a variety of minor arrangements, indicate the feelings of Society. The expenses of these numerous outlays, were nobly borne by the members, who vied with each other in their devotion to the Society. It has been beautifully and appropriately said: "They seemed to bend every thought and purpose to adorn the Nuptial Hall, where they were to wed Literature ; as the young bride will visit often the destined chamber, disposing and arranging its furniture—smoothing the pillow till it is free from wrinkle as her own brow—and as she leaves, still lingers and blushes at the strange flutterings of her heart."

The spirit of activity, which was called into life at this period, did not confine itself to the decoration of the new Hall. The Minutes, and other papers of Society, were collected and arranged—the Legislature was applied to for an Act of Incorporation (which was *almost* obtained,) and the whole internal frame-work of the Society was new-modelled. The struggle of Greece for Liberty from the grievous thralldom of the Turk, at that time

called forth an enthusiastic Address from the Society, and resolutions were adopted to aid the revival of Literature on its classic soil, and the establishment of a College at Athens!

On the 22d of June, 1832, the new Hall of the Society was dedicated. The record of this event on the Minutes, is as follows: "The Literary Societies of the College, convened on the banks of the Chartiers, and accompanied by the Faculty and a few Honorary Members, walked in procession, to excellent music, through the streets of Canonsburg, and entered their respective Halls." The Dedicatory Address before the Franklin Society was delivered by WASHINGTON M'CARTNEY, Esq., after which, the beautiful Hall was devoted to the sacred purposes of LITERATURE, FRIENDSHIP and VIRTUE, with appropriate ceremonies.

The history of the Society, since this interesting period, has been one of constant and increasing prosperity. Within a twelve-month after the dedication of the new Hall, the roll of regular members numbered eighty. With each succeeding year, the proportion of members from the higher Classes in College increased, and thus the Society grew with the growth and strength of our Alma Mater. There was, also, a corresponding improvement in the character of the exercises. The standard of Literary excellence was greatly elevated, and a higher tone and character imparted to it, by the scholarship and talent of numerous gifted minds. The influence of the Society on the Literary tastes and habits of its members, became more marked and decided. It dignified and made honorable the pursuits of knowledge, and all who sat under its refreshing shade, felt the magic of its power. From this period, too, the Society seems to have directed its energies to the cultivation of Science and Literature, as its proper objects, leaving to other Institutions, the correction of moral delinquency, and the reformation of moral character.—And, finally, since the same period, the spirit of partyism, and narrow clanish feeling, has gradually become weaker and fainter in both Societies. The time is forever past, when we stood like

"Heights—whose mining depths so intervened  
That they could meet no more."

The recollection of that day is fast fading from memory, and we would not renew it. Perish the hand which would again throw the apple of discord among brethren of FRIENDSHIP's firm knit family!

Our work is done. The history of the Society in later days, and its present flourishing condition, are as familiar to many of this audience, as household words. We have only to regret the incompleteness of our information, and the imperfection of our own labor. If, occasionally, we have indulged in digression, so has Homer in his veracious narrative of the adventures of Ulysses. If we have been prosy, so, at times, is Herodotus, the Father of History, whom we have endeavored to imitate, in being the faithful chronicler of the times.

On a soiled and almost illegible page of the old Minutes, the following prophetic passage occurs. It bears the date of January, 1798, and concludes the report of JAMES CARNAHAN, one of the first Inspectors. "The Franklin Society promises to exceed our highest expectations: we trust it will be an honor to the members, a benefit to the Academy, and will extend its happy influence throughout America!" The venerable President of the College of New Jersey, has lived to see his prophecy fulfilled!

Go where we may throughout America, we meet with Students of Jefferson College and the members of this Society. The graves of our departed brethren cover the land.

"Their spirits wrap our dusky mountains,

Their memory sparkles o'er our fountains."

Many, also, have gone to the Missions beyond the seas. Consecrating themselves to the work of the apostolate, they have fallen with their armor on, in the holy conflict for souls. The Indian, the Ethiopian, the Scythian, the Persian, the Chinaman, have heard and obeyed their word. Christianity and Civilization, with the blessings of Science, Virtue and the holy influences of Friendship, have followed their steps. And in those lands of darkness, an unknown force of moral regeneration has appeared, which will develop and perpetuate itself in all coming time, and live indestructible in the midst of revolution and ruin. But *they* have died. And now, after life's fitful fever, they sleep well!

Our *living* brethren, and their name is legion, are everywhere! They fill all offices, and are found in every department and situation of life. They occupy the bench of the Judiciary—the halls of the Legislature—the seats of Congress and the Senate—the high places of Government, and the higher places of the Church. They are Instructors, Pastors, Professors and Presidents of Institutions of Learning, in *three* Continents. They

are Ambassadors at Foreign Courts, and Members of the Learned Societies of Europe and America. They seem to be possessed of the power of ubiquity. Though eight years have elapsed since we left these sacred walls, we have never taken a journey, either long or short, without meeting the face of some brother Franklin! In the stage coach, on the steam boat, in the rail road car, on ship board, in the French "diligence," in the German "Eilwagen"—every where, and under every variety of circumstances, we have met and recognized the members of this Society.

How sweet to meet in later life the companions of our youth. Tender recollections are awakened by looking again upon well known features.

But few recollections are more sacred than those called up by meeting with some companion of College hours. A mysterious brotherhood unites the sons of the same Institution. And should that companion be a classmate, the connection is still closer.—The hours spent in the same pursuits, over the same volume, in the same company, and at the same recitation, are dear to the remembrance. They were once thought tiresome, but we ever recur to such friends, as green spots in the journey of life.

But should that companion and that classmate be a Franklin, the mutual satisfaction would be complete. To meet with such a one, would be—

"To grasp the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land!"

Distance could not remove such remembrances, nor time efface the impression which such a meeting would renew. The frosts of age would melt from round the heart, and the affections flow again, in the long forgotten channels of early years!\*

How gladly would I linger among the labyrinths of memory, and impress upon your minds the lessons of wisdom which it teaches! But the lateness of the hour forbids any lengthened remarks. The topics which have been suggested by the record of the Past, are too numerous to refer to, and too intimately connected with our internal history to enlarge upon. But, if the voice of the Past, speaking to us through the history of this Society, and College, has given utterance to one fact more certain and prominent than all others, it is, *that the truth of God is the appointed instrumentality for the regeneration and civilization of*

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\*MSS. History of Franklin Society.

*the world.* That truth, which God has revealed in his word, and written in living characters over the broad face of nature—two volumes, but one book—constitute the stone and the sling, to smite with death, the gigantic forms of wrong, under which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now.—Simple weapons—yet how effective! None other is needed.—The truth, in its illustrious simplicity—in its harmonious proportions—in the strength of its native energy—in the sublime consciousness of its own rectitude, is omnipotent. It must and will prevail!

To the study and advocacy of that truth—which is mighty and which maketh free—consecrate the years and energies of your whole life. It will lead you to its great Author, and standing in his presence, you will look forth over the broad field of the world, with the holy resolution, to live, labor, suffer, do and die in the service of humanity, and to stamp upon society the impress of truth, in characters which shall remain when sun and moon are no more!

We have met on this occasion to renew the recollections of the past; and to exchange the signs and words of friendship—like ships on the ocean, which exchange signals and then pursue their different courses upon the pathless deep. But e'er we part, and "mingle with the universe," from which we have escaped to participate in the solemnities of this night, let us again unite in the Student's song, and, with heart and soul, give a "*vivat*" to our Alma Mater! Then—

Gaudeamus igitur

Juvenes dum sumus,

Post jucundam juventutem,

Post molestam senectutem,

Nos habebit humus!

Vivat Academia,

Vivant Professores

Vivat membrum quodlibet,

Vivant membra, quælibet

*Semper sint in Flore!*

Vivat et respublica,

Et qui illam regit,

Vivat nostra civitas,

Mæcenenatum caritas,

Quæ nos hic proteget.

# ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY,

OF

JEFFERSON COLLEGE,

AT ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY,

NOVEMBER 14th, 1847.

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BY J. WINTERS, Esq.

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WASHINGTON, PA:

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1848.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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FRANKLIN HALL, NOV. 14TH, 1847.

MR. JACOB WINTERS:

*Respected and Dear Sir:*—The members of the Franklin Literary Society beg leave to tender you, through us, their grateful acknowledgements for the noble and impressive sentiments contained in the eloquent Address, with which you have just favored us, and respectfully solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Yours truly,

J. TEMPLETON M'CARTY,  
S. ANDERSON QUAY,  
G. IVESTER YOUNG,

*Committee.*

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JEFFERSON COLLEGE, NOV. 15TH, 1847.

*Gentlemen:*—With some hesitancy, I send you a copy of the Speech you have so politely requested.

I say with some hesitancy, for, being the almost first attempt of the kind I ever made, I can not believe it contains much to benefit any one.

Knowing, however, that it can injure none, unless it be the author; and believing that its perusal may gratify some, I herewith send it.

With my best wishes, gentlemen, for the welfare of you and your Society, I remain

Your Servant,

JACOB WINTERS.

J. TEMPLETON M'CARTY,  
S. ANDERSON QUAY,  
G. IVESTER YOUNG, } Committee.

## ADDRESS.

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*Gentlemen of the Franklin Literary Society:*

Conscious of my inability, I need not attempt to enlighten or instruct you, or to entertain you with any of the higher flights of oratory. My simple object shall be to make the hour pass pleasantly to you—happy if I succeed even in that.

To one who has passed from the scene, there is a melancholy pleasure in the remembrances of his College life. He knows that it was a happy period, or, at least, might have been such, and that its golden opportunities will not return.

To the wise man and the worldling, who have long trodden the dusty ways of the world—whose feelings have been blunted by contact with its selfishness—who have found the brilliant hopes and noble aspirations of their youthful hearts to be merely vanity, and have seen the stars that rose with them sink behind the clouds of death—even to them there is a peculiar delight in the remembrances of College life.

When age has chilled the blood and many of the scenes of maturer life are forgotten, these earlier memories still remain fresh and beautiful, as if time, change and distance had no power over them. Down deep in the heart they remain forever consecrated things of the past, haunting the spirit's depths like the music of old songs which we loved in our childhood—like the "exquisite music of a dream."

Still more vivid would be the feelings and the delight greater, could one be permitted to revisit the very scenes of the past and to stand amid the halls of his youthful glory. With how curious an eye, with how interested a heart, would he wander through the old recitation room and Society's hall.

Pouring over the scrawled pages of old volumes with deepest interest, and even the scratchings on the walls to find the name

of some familiar friend, classmate or companion, of his College days; often holding strange soliloquy with his own soul and its remembrances of the past.

And though he may now be venerable—his head grey with years and his brow wrinkled with thought, and his person clothed with the dignity of age and station, and you might think he never indulged the dreams of a Student's heart, yet the youngest of you may point to him and say—

"He bears beneath that altered brow,  
The ashes of a thousand dreams;  
Some wrought of wild Ambition's fingers,  
Some colored of Love's pencil well."

If any such are here to-night—any old Franklin's who have returned to the scenes of their College life to spend a pleasant hour or two in happy reminiscences, we, in the name of our Society, bid you welcome, from our hearts, we bid you welcome to this Hall once more. Come from the weary ways of life and rest your souls once more beneath the branches of our tree of friendship. Come to our feast of reason. Be healed for a little of the fever of the brain. Forget—forget the carking cares of life. Come from the struggle, the strife and turmoil of the world and be at peace. Feel as in the house of your friends; for it is indeed so. We are your friends—we are your brothers and with brothers' hearts we welcome you. And as those long separated meet around the fireside of home, and renew their old affection and talk their "battles o'er again," so is it with us and with you.

We meet you here old Franklins to spend a pleasant hour in happy recollections of the past, and then each takes his separate way; not sad or heavy-hearted, but delighted and refreshed with remembrances of the far past and the innocent pleasure of the present moment.

Another sentiment, too, comes in here, and should come in, which purifies and chastens the pleasure of the moment—the thought of the absent and of the dead. You look around here for old familiar faces that you loved long since; for the cheering smiles and beaming eyes of the friends of old, but you find them not. *They* are not here to-night. Gone far out into the world's struggle, to return no more. Many of them—oh! too many—gone down to the darkness of death. We feel with you for their loss, and are sad with you that they are not here and rejoice, too, in the cheering hope that,

"After life's fitful fever *they* sleep well."

Nor is our meeting an ordinary one. I know it is a common thing to meet in this old hall: several generations of Students have sat in the light of these lamps. Often have we sat here under the droppings of the Word of Truth from the lips of that venerable man, who still stands in our midst, and like the Seer of Israel, from the Pisgah's-summit of old age, is permitted to gaze far off to the happy fields of Canaan; and while the light of that better land is streaming around his soul, and the shadow of life stretching farther and farther on, can take a backward view down the long slope of a useful and well-spent life.

But though the manner of our meeting is the same, yet the object for which we meet is unusual. Nor is it unimportant. It concerns not merely the interests of your Association or of our College or vicinity, but, in some degree, the interests of mankind.

What, gentlemen, is the object of your Association? Was it not formed for the promotion of science, friendship and virtue? There stands your motto—*Scientia, Amicitia et Virtus*—as glorious an one as ever flashed from any banner—as high an one as ever led men on to deeds of heroism or virtue; there it stands to mock you with its bitter irony, if this is not your object.

These are the three grand pillars of civilized society and of all human happiness. FRIENDSHIP, the soother of suffering—the sympathizer in every pain—the firmest supporter of individual happiness. SCIENCE, which adds the gleam and glory to our mortal life. VIRTUE, which makes the human divine—the mortal god-like.

With either of these, life can be borne; with none of them, it is utterly intolerable: with all combined, man attains his highest, his best, his happiest estate. A being, no longer calling the worm his brother and the grave his end, but gifted with an immortal spirit, “looking before and after,” claiming God for his father—Angels for his kindred—Heaven for his home.

Said I not well, then, that the anniversary of a Society, founded for the promotion of these high and worthy objects, is an occasion which bears in some degree on the interests of mankind?

But, not what is the object, but as your Society endeavored to carry out the object of its founders, is the question of most importance to you. Has it been so? For the answer we appeal to facts. Where are the men now whom your Society has sent forth into the world? Have they become useless members of community, or, like the faithless steward, buried their talents in

the earth, and forgotten the high objects for which they labored here?

Proudly we answer, that the reverse of this is the truth. How many of them now are faithful watchmen on the towers of Zion or the messengers of peace to man? And "Oh how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them who bring glad tidings of good things!" How many of them are now to be found at the Bar and on the Bench, in our Halls of Legislation and the Professor's Chair? Nay; wherever there is human life—where the Greenlander shivers in the blast—on the burning Savannas of the South and the fiery plains of the torrid zone—in India—in China and the Islands of the sea, and the interminable wilderness of the West; where the Missionary has planted his feet and held aloft the banner of the Cross, with its lone star of Salvation—there have been found the representatives of the old **FRANKLIN SOCIETY**. In every station discharging their duty with honesty to God, with faithfulness to their fellow-men, and with honor to themselves. Her name is abroad in the world and in connection with Jefferson College, and her sister Society, is—

"Hymned and honored

By the grateful voice of human kind."

Of the characters and lives of the Founders of your Society, gentlemen, we deem it proper to speak but briefly, leaving that task to the abler tongue of the Reverend gentleman who follows.

The origin of your Society dates far back to early times.—Her infancy is wrapped in the gloom and mist of the "Backwoods." Judging, however, from the single fact, that they were the Founders of your Society, we may safely believe, that they were noble and true-hearted men, willing and anxious to serve God and man in their generation. Nay, there may have been in that little band of nine, some gifted spirits glowing with immortal love, that, had the opportunity been offered, would have evangelized nations and blessed mankind: a Howard, a Franklin, a Martyn. Or, might there not have been even a Cincinnati or a Burns, who, though unknown to fame, yet,

"Walked in glory and in joy

Following his plough upon the mountain side."

Most of them are now dead and gone. A few still remain, the scattered remnants of a once noble band. Long they stood, like the oaks of our own backwoods, hardy representatives of a race as noble and strong-minded men as the world ever saw—the early settlers of Western Pennsylvania.

CARNAHAN, GALBREATH, IMBRIE, WICK, DODD, HUGHES, LINDLEYS and WOOD! could the dead of you repass the "valley of the shadow"—could ye, freed from the imprisonment of death and the obstacles of distance, stand in our midst to-night, how would your hearts rejoice! This would, indeed, be a triumph for you—a triumph not bought with blood and with the tears of the widow and fatherless; not haunted by the ghastly countenances of the victims of war; not wrought out amid the convulsions of nations and the throes and agonies of down-trodden humanity; but a calm, bloodless, tearless triumph over ignorance, over darkness and the wilderness. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad *for them* and the desert rejoice and blossom like the rose."

In contemplating, gentlemen, the present state of your Association, contrasted with its very small beginning, it may not, perhaps, be inappropriate to indulge a few remarks on the *influence of association*, in general. In its most general sense, then, association is the union either of persons or of things. But the particular kind of association, of which we wish to speak, is, such as yours, in which men are united together for the accomplishment of high and excellent objects, and is the opposite of Individualism.

These objects may be either within or beyond the range of individual capacity. If within it, association gives power and activity to the designs and purposes of men, which insures their accomplishment: for it is evident that an object which many could accomplish in a day, might require the labor of an individual for an age. If the object is beyond individual capacity, the advantages of association are still greater, inasmuch as that which otherwise could not have been accomplished is done immediately and most effectively.

From ignorance of this simple truth, mankind has suffered fearfully through ages of bloodshed and crime, and lost much that can never be recovered.

The comparison is not inapt, indeed, to consider mankind of the past as an individual in a troubled sleep—often tossing about fiercely on his bed; muttering in his sleep strange and mysterious sayings—some of which had wisdom in them—most of them nothing but folly; momentarily lashing out his huge limbs as if disturbed by some dismal night-mare, and not unfrequently uttering deep, heart-felt sighs, and long, unearthly groans of agony. Terribly the world suffered in that long and wretched

half-sleep, but still waked not. Now and then, as history has well recorded, she seemed to be rousing herself, determined to shake off the lethargy, and asked, with half-awakened stupidity, "what's the matter?" but without hearing or heeding the answers that came thundering around her from Heaven, or growled up from Hell, fell back into her fitful doze. But, thanks to Providence, the incubus that weighed down the vital energies of the world, seems to be passing off, and mankind waking at last to a sense of their true interests. Never before was there so clear and universal a perception of these interests as at the present time; nor had mankind ever so effective a knowledge of the means best adapted to the obtainment of the great end of human existence—human good.

Whoever can contemplate without astonishment, the improvement in the physical, social, moral and intellectual condition of the race, within the last few centuries, is not worthy the name of man; at least, as defined by some Philosophers, as the only animal capable of wondering.

Humanity seems rushing, with race-horse speed, to some glorious but indefinable goal—a destiny higher and happier than man, ere this, had deemed possible, compared with which the fabulous happiness of the golden age sinks into barbarous wretchedness.

Do you ask for the evidences of this? Air, earth, and the ocean teem with them. You can see them in the lightning, which is now made the bearer of your despatches, swift as thought.—In the stars themselves, where,

Pinnaced dim in the intense inane,"

the eye of the Astronomer has tracked their devious courses.—

We perceive them in the innumerable improvements in the mechanical arts; in the increase of knowledge, and, especially, in its diffusion; in the improved ideas on government and human happiness; in the spread of the Bible, with all its blessed influences. O, gentlemen, within the date of your own short lives how vastly has the world improved! And why?

What newly discovered element is this, in the composition of human society, which, after an inaction of more than five thousand years, is thus renewing the world's youth? Whence comes this change over the countenance of the world? You see no longer there the wrinkles and the deathful frown and the haggard eye of despair, but a joyful and life-like expression, indicative of satisfaction in the present and hope for the future, rests upon

the face of the world. She smiles sweetly even in her old age and decrepitude, and the rosiness of youth is now blooming on her ancient cheeks. It may be the hectic symptom of her end—the premonition of the eternal paleness, but still that hopeful bloom is there. And whence is it? We would not, for the sake of magnifying our subject, attribute every effect to a single cause, yet we hesitate not to say, that Association is this new element, or, rather, old element operating with renewed power. To the omnipotence of associated thought and action, the world is more indebted for real advancement, in the last hundred and fifty years, than to a hundred generations that preceded. Most strange, we confess, that mankind did not long since discover, that this mighty engine could be wielded for purposes of good as well as evil, and act on that knowledge. How many a tyrant would it have stript of his iron sceptre—that wizard wand whose touch has shrivelled up the nations? How many a slave would have leaped up from the galling bondage of the oppressor, shouting “the anthem of the free?” What an infinite amount of good might have been secured by it—how much evil prevented?

This knowledge, though late, is not yet *too* late. It shall yet become the world’s salvation. Her long and bitter experience is not lost. She has acquired wisdom by it—wisdom, too, of that deep and practical kind which can only come by suffering, and this is the sum of her experience—that advancement is the only true progression, and that, to be happy, men must associate. Hence, association is the governing principle of this, the world’s best and wisest age. Contrast, if you please, the ages before the Christian era, and long after, even the best of them, with the present, and mark the difference.

There was Individualism, with its cynical sneer at every thing but itself, the thing most worthy of its scorn, ruling men and nations with a bigoted despotism. A mountain or a stream made enemies of nations, which had else,

“Like kindred drops been mingled into one.”

The wide-spreading benevolence—the all-embracing love of man for his fellow-creatures, the effects of which we feel in every thing around us, they felt not.

A cold and selfish patriotism quenched the cheerful flame of philanthropy, which the Deity had kindled in the hearts of men. Heroes, Demigods, *Madmen* played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made Angels and mortals weep. Peace—peace

was like a remote tradition of the blessedness of Eden. The ears of men had ceased to tingle at the blast of the trumpet.—The amenities and charities of life were not then, as now, the mother language of humanity. Self, either in the individual or national form, was the Moloch they worshipped; and oh, what rivers of blood have streamed upon his altars! How often has the smoke of his burnt-offerings obscured the sun! Alas! why should men still worship this heathen god? Why should men be separate and belligerent? Is not the consciousness of a *common nature* strong within us? Are we not children of the *same* gracious Father? Are we not *brethren* in the same great family of man? Why, then, should we not act together, or, at least, not act against each other? All subsist on the same materials; our bodies are all composed of the same elements; our spirits are all rushing to the same goal, and our frames, without an exception, toiling downwards to the same dust. Ye, even ye here

“Shall lie down

With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.”

Why, then, should we hate each other? Is it well that we, who are but creatures of yesterday and know nothing of tomorrow, should labor to shorten and embitter human life, already short and miserable enough; or drive each others naked souls, stained with the blood of our fellow-men, to stalk uncalled beneath the blasting frown of God? It seems hard for mankind to learn the madness and folly of this, and that the most wise and just principle of human conduct, is “love thy neighbor as thyself.”

Christianity first enforced this high principle of human action, and association, formed for purposes of good, is only this principle operating more extensively. It is the actual development of that greatest of Christian principles, “love one another.” In fact, it is the only true love of man for his kind—love in its loftiest aims—its mightiest developments—its happiest effects.

It has done much for the world, and it will do more. Do you ask what? Rather, shall I not ask you what has it not done? Christian in its influence, it has sent the Missionary to the ends of the earth. Religious, it has builded the temples on a thousand hills. Liberal, it has haunted the tyrant to his throne of

blood and whispered words of confusion and death in his ears, till his face grew pale, like the face of the dead—his arm, that held the iron sceptre, fell nerveless at his side—his blood froze within him and He, the shadow of Omnipotence, the mighty mockery, reeled off forever into the darkness. Benevolent, it heals the sick, clothes the naked, feeds the hungry: a fervent Apostle—preaches the Gospel to the poor.

Without this influence no extensive good can be accomplished. Individual effort may do much, but it has ever been and must necessarily be, in narrow limits. Hence, just in proportion as this force has been properly applied and directed, in the same ratio has Society advanced. Proved by innumerable experiments and all history, we may safely take it as the measure and law of human progression.

To the diffusiveness of this spirit, the narrowness of individualism must soon yield—is yielding—yea, has yielded, to a great extent, and the nobler principle, which recognizes the brotherhood of all mankind, is fast assuming its place as one of the moving, and living, principles of Modern Society. Its effects, too, must go on increasing and extending, as the world improves, for mankind will not willingly let pass away the knowledge of that which gives them their greatest power. It is a laborer that never tires: to whom the sun is never set. Working—working ever on in the light and in the dark—under the roof and out in the sunshine. A Cyclops, with his sledge, eternally hammering the world's rough sides, to make them smooth.

Hopefully then, gentlemen, and with cheerful hearts, we may look forward to the world's best days, as yet to come, when most of the causes which have made the earth a *play-house* for Devils, but a fierce *battle-field* for men, shall not exist; and when, from the grand family association of mankind, shall arise that anthem of the Angels, "peace on earth—good-will to men!"

But, however much we may, and should, rejoice at these indications of the increasing happiness of the human race, shall we be merely passive spectators of the scene? shall we sit tamely down while such great things are being accomplished for the world? or worse, meanly hope to enjoy that for which we have not labored.

Advice would, doubtless, come with more force from an older and a wiser head, but sincerity will make us equal in this case. You, gentlemen, permit me to say, were not made for yourselves alone. You are not merely members of a particular associa-

tion; you are not merely FRANKLINS or PHILOS; you belong to the great brotherhood of mankind—to the world at large. On that wide field your victories are to be gained, or your shameful defeat consummated. Here you are in your tent, arming for the battle. If you go forth half prepared, you go as David in the cumbrous armour of Saul—you can never conquer: better, far better, would be the sling with the puny pebbles of the brook.

You are now standing on the threshold of the world, gazing out upon its rugged aspect, perhaps, with troubled hearts: but oh, be strong! Be ye valiant for the truth. With self-sacrificing hearts—determined to conquer first yourselves, and then, with high and holy purposes, to over-leap every other obstacle in your upward way; and, if not conquerors *here*, you will be more than conquerors hereafter, in that land where the shout of battle never comes and where the song of the victor only is heard.

Set before you the examples of the great, who have gone before. Not merely the powerful—not the high in station only, but the GREAT in GOODNESS. Be not deceived. It is most true, though a seeming paradox, that “great men are not always great.”—Take no false coin of greatness for the true, though such pass current in the world. There are various kinds of them, whom the world calls great, but not all equally worthy of your admiration. Some appear so because born to elevated stations.—Others seem great from the force of external circumstances.—A few, a precious few, are great *per se*, and in spite of circumstance. *These* are the truly great, though fame may never “blow the blast of their renown.” Nor do they often come like falling stars, from heaven, but, oftenest, rise up from the low vales of humility.

With strong hearts, and unquailing eyes, they have dared to look upwards, through the smoke and dust of this work-day world, to the hill-tops of excellence and honor. With high, cheerful souls and unconquerable energy, they have battled with all opposition, both from without and within. Steadily, firmly, hopefully, they have pursued their way, in darkness and sunshine, with a calm trust in God and sublime faith in themselves, sprung from the uprightness of their motives; and thus sustained, have trodden circumstance in the dust and laughed opposition to scorn. Where the storm was fiercest and the struggle most terrible, they still advanced. Where the weak would have fainted and the stout-hearted failed, they, the upright in motive,

have been heard, with manly voice, to shout back to the world their cheering battle-cry—"press on—press on!"

Such men will, *must* conquer; shall tread the loftiest paths of honor and stand firmly on the toppling cliffs of fame. Where weak and drivelling spirits would grow dizzy with the elevation, they only stand the more immoveable, on the highest places of the earth, or—which is a truer test of character—fill its lowest stations with almost equal greatness. They

"Sit upon a mount serene

Above the fogs of sense and passion's storms:

All the black cares and tumults of this life,

Like harmless thunders bursting at their feet,

Excite their pity—not impair their peace."

The world may thank God such men have been: for, to them, strengthened by opposition, purified by trial and sublimed by suffering, men look with confidence in their hours of need. They are moveless pillars when the nations quake, and bulwarks in the day of war: and when destruction and death stalk grimly abroad, and passion's storms sweep fiercely over the nations, they are the "munitions of rocks."

Some such have been the guiding lights of mankind; no swamp-fires, merely brilliant, dazzling only to blind, but blazing heavenward, star-like and forever—their own bright example giving the impulse and shaping the character of thousands, who, like them, are to be blessings to the world.

We would have you, gentlemen, to be like these—high of soul, upright in motive, energetic, self-possessed. Passing by the petty annoyances of life with calm indifference; bearing its sufferings with a manly heart, knowing they are only for a moment and that eternity is near.

I am aware, Fellow-Students, that but few do you justice, for but few understand or can appreciate the thoughts or feelings of a Student's heart. I know, however, that even the least thoughtful among you, have oftentimes your noble aspirations—your high thoughts—your yearnings for the good, the beautiful and great. But these are like morning dreams. A lethargy soon creeps over the spirit; your purposes are but half formed, your intentions never consummated. O sluggard! think but for a moment. Hast thou forgotten how short is human life, and that this is only a probationary state? Thou lazy giant, art thou dreaming here, while the day is fast coming to an end and the shadows lengthening on earth and the night at hand, wherein thou canst not work? Let not this stupid lethargy repress the

upward tendency of thy soul. Like a young Samson, burst thy bands. Aye,

"Proudly fling  
Your fetters by and hurry on,  
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing.  
The goal is still before *you*, and the prize  
Still woos your eager eyes."

Up, then, in the name of God and for the sake of men. Work : let thy soul work—on trifles, if thou wilt, for the instrument and the manner may glorify the object; but do something and with thy might. Thou mayest be humble—hemmed in by circumstances, or poor, perhaps, in this world's gear : still art thou not richer than Golconda? Hast thou not within thee an immortal spirit, whose treasures far outshine

"The wealth of Ormus or of Ind?"

Wilt thou let them run to waste? Shall the sneers of the world quench the fire that God has kindled in thee? Shall disappointment smother it? Shall the empty day-dreams of fancy or the sickly creations of a false sentiment, which is the curse of the age, trammel the Titan in their swaddling-rags of gossamer? Let it not be so. Forbid it, manliness—forbid it, mind.

Thou dreamer in a world of shadows—a world, too, of your own making—hearest thou not the crash and clatter, while the old fabrics of the world are crumbling around thee? Hear you not the earth-shaking tramp of the millions of mankind, as they march onward and still on? Wake! or thou art forever crushed.

This is the age of activity. Now, if ever, is the time for energy, and the man who lies down now to slumber or to dream, is besotted or a fool. For lo! yonder on the verge of heaven, wrapped in clouds and the red mists of morning, already looms the brightest sun of time—precursor of that brighter day of which the ancient Prophet sung. Here, flitting by, through the early twilight, the myriad ghosts of defunct superstitions—the demons of tyranny and death—the long and shadowy train of delusion and error, troop home to hell. The watchmen on the towers shout, for the last time, the watch-cry of the night—the long—dark night; for the sun is up, careering higher and higher, till now he's at the zenith, and the world is all a blaze with light—rejoicing in the noon-day of Millennial glory.

With the examples before you, gentlemen, of which we have just spoken—with these animating prospects to cheer you on, and with the world waiting for you, we shall not fear for you.

Cheerfully and fearlessly pursue your ways, "onward and upward and true to the line." Search for the truth, as for hidden treasures, and the truth shall make you free—shall make you great—shall make you godlike. And though you cannot always act together, and your association here must be dissolved, yet you may still be united in thought and the same in your high and worthy aims—still the same FRANKLIN SOCIETY, by each endeavoring to promote the objects for which you labored here.

Finally, though the voyages of your lives may be far apart, and your frail barks tossed rudely on the sea of life, yet let each endeavor so to guide the helm, that when the storm is past and the waters stilled, we all—no longer FRANKLINS, no longer PHILOS, but a more glorious brotherhood, may enter our port of Heaven and rest

"Remembering not  
The far meanings of that sea."





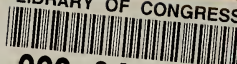
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